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How Jackson's Men Came Up n the

had been idling away the whole day at Chancellorsville, Hooker's army had tion on the hills above the town. The general idea was that we were to move down on his flank and rear, and why we should waste time in the woods was a mystery to all. Reports had come to us that there had been fighting with Stonewall Jackson's corps over on the Furnace road. We wondered why we didn't move out across the line of retreat, but officers and privates alike were kept in ignorance of Hooker's intentions. Some said we were to move towards Fredericksburg that night; others that we would follow after Lee; others yet that Hooker was spreading his net to capture the whole confederate army on the morrow.

We were on the extreme right of the union line, and in front of us was a light breastwork of rails and logs. From noon to four o'clock we broke ranks, stacked our guns and took things easy. At five some of the men began to fry bacon and boil coffee. At six every man of us was thus busy and felt certain of spending the night on the spot. Of a sudden two or three rabbits came running out of the dense woods beyond us, and scores of men jumped up to try to kill or capture them. Everybody round me was laughing and shouting when a shot was suddenly heard and I saw a private soldier who stood in the highway fall dead. The single shot was followed by another and another, and then some one shouted at the top of

"Great heavens, but there are the Johnnies in battle line!"

There was a panic at once. No one supposed there was a confederate within five miles of us, and had they been looked for it would have been from the other direction. A few men got into line here and there, but the resistance melted away as the confederates advanced. It was a furious fire which Jackson's men poured into the lith. They were elated and enthusiastic, and they swarmed through the forest as if their number was endless. Men have said that the panie would

have extended no further, and that the corps would have speedily recovered from the surprise, and men have written that but for one man's coolness at the critical moment Jackson would have a driven a wedge into the federal army. Gen. Pleasanton, then commanding three regiments of cavalry and a field battery, lay in position to be run over by the frightened fugitives as they sought a place of safety. In the midst of the most embarrassing confusion he sent a regiment of dis mounted cavalry forward to form a line and check the confederate advance, and the other regiments, mounted, at once charged into the mass of fugitives and drove them clear off the field on the left of the plank road. Then, one by one 22 guns were brought the front and unlimbered. was in the cleared field the left of the Chancellorsville plank road and about half a mile below the famous brick house. Those guns enfiladed Jackson's whole front, and the moment his lines broke cover they vere met with such storms of canister that whole regiments lay down after the first volley. For the first quarter of an hour these guns were supported



THEY SWARMED THROUGH THE FOREST

oy the cavalry alone, but as regiment after regiment was picked up, whirled about and sent to the gap, the support soon became a division. Other batteries were rushed down the plank or eross the field, and by and by Jack son's golden moment had passed. The federal army had faced to the rear and the great gap had been closed by ar

Just at sundown Jackson grewrestive under the terrific fire and ordered : general advance. Long lines of mer surang to their feet and rushed for and with cheers and yells, determined to have the guns. It did not seem as a anything tiving could cross that open space of 600 feet with such a tornado of canister sweeping over it, but whole regiments charged up to within 50 feeand scores of confederates dashed in among the guns and were killed there. The charge was repulsed, but to be made again and again. When night had settled down Jackson gave it up. He could not drive his wedge past the muzzles of Pleasanton's guns. He had noodwinked Hooker, routed a whole corps and laid his plans for a great victory. That storm of canister checked him - death brought his plans to

naught. The confederates who advanced against these guns defied death a thousand times over. Those killed were in he was sixty-seven. He fought all most instances riddled and torn to through the war and was severely pieces. The burial parties found bodies with 50 wounds, and heads, legs and arms were scattered all along the front. Hardly a wounded man was found on the battery front. In the right flanks, where the guns had an enfliade on the The R. G. CHASE CO., Malden, Mass. into splinters, the ground cut as by a

WHAT HE WAS THERE FOR. The Soldier's Idea Was That He Had to

Put Down the Rebellion.

"When the war was on," remarked an ex-congressman, "and I felt pretty sure that it was to be no ninety-day affair, I went to work to recruit a company and see what I could do toward settling it. I lived in a community whose men were as willing to take a few risks in that line as myself, and it wasn't any trouble at all to pick up enough men for a company. I had any number of enthusiasts in my command.

but one boy about sixteen years old had more enthusiasm than all of us combined. He wasn't very handsome and he wasn't very good, but he was full of hurrah, and that was what we wanted, because I feit that hard times were before us, and all the surplus effervescence would be worked off as soon as we got into the field.
"This particular young fellow I thought would be the first to cave, for

he talked like a man that was more mouth than sand, and I can't say that I had much confidence in him, except for temporary purposes. Well, I got the company together in short order, and it wasn't very long until we were ordered to go to the front with the regiment. One night, shortly after we got into fighting country, we came within range of the Johnnies. They were somewhere on the other side of a small stream, with a bridge over it, and my eompany was sent forward to protect the bridge. As we moved forward there was no sign of the enemy, and we didn't expect him for a mile at least, when suddenly we sprung him in a clump of woods not three hundred

vards in front of us. "I threw my men into line of battle at once to storm the woods, for it was not big, and I knew that not any more men than I had could be hidden there. and I was at that time ready to fight four or five times as many men as I might meet. I waited, however, for some sign before making a move, when all at once a long line of light shot out from the woods and the bullets spattered all around us and two or three of my men went down. This had a cooling effect, and I concluded it was not my time yet to charge, so I let the boys return the fire. They did it with a will, too, and in a very short time the woods were still and the enemy had gone out. I had ordered my men to cease firing, and the order was obeyed. except as to one man down about the middle of the line, who kept banging away, regardless. I spotted him and

made a rush down his way. "'Here, you blamed fool,' I ex-claimed, 'what do you mean by firing? Didn't you hear the order to cease?

"It was my young enthusiast about five paces in advance of the line, and he banged away again and dropped

his gun. "What do you mean by that?" I said.

"'Excuse me, cap.' he responded with the easy familiarity of the volunteer, 'but I j'ined this army to put



"EXCUSE ME, CAP."

down the rebellion, and dod bob my skin if I ain't goin' to do it as soon as L can, and right here, too, if you give me half a chance, and he pulled up his gun and I had to threaten him with my sword before I could quiet him. It wasn't bravado, either," continued the captain, "for the first man to fall had lropped dead at his feet in the rank in front of him, and what is more it hadn't een an hour before the scrap that the nan killed and the young fellow had had a squabble for the place in the front rank held by the man who went down."-Washington Star.

Three Young Heroes.

"The act was as brave as it was funny," said a member of the Twelfth Kentucky. "Three soldiers, mere boys, routed a whole regiment. It happened in 1864, I believe, at the mouth of Soap creek. The enemy was entrenched on the north side when we came upon them. Our pontoon bridge was hastily arranged, and the Twelfth Kentucky was given orders to march. Before marching orders were given, however, the men who crossed first were instructed to wait on the other side for the rest of the company to come up. These three boys were full of the spirit of war, and might have been called inliscreet, if the issue had been different. As it was they were first to get across. They burst up the embankment yelling and shooting. The soldiers at their back took up the yelling, and a lot of shooting from the federal side added to the din and confusion. The enemy, thinking these three were three thousand, turned and ran. The three boys eized the guns of the enemy, turned them round and fired on the fugitives. ien. Sherman after the war spoke of he heroic act as deserving a place in history."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

ELIJAH WALKER, of North Carolina. s one of the oldest confederate veterans known. He is now one hundred and one years old and enlisted when wounded several times, having been shot in both hands, which latter wounds partly disabled him. Not-withstanding this fact, however, he has refused to accept the pension he was entitled to from the state on the ground that he "did not think it right as long as he was able to support himAN HONORABLE PRECEDENT.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

"But don't you think," said I to Miss Hewitt, "that the end justifies the means?" She shook her head. "Oh, no," she said; "that's Jesuitical." "Well now, here's an example," I suggested. "You are anxious to sell the contents of this stall, aren't you?" "Oh, yes," responded Miss Hewitt. "Aud you would be delighted if someone were to come and buy it all up? It would be of such use to the charity." "Certainly," said Miss Hewitt, promptly. "And would vex Miss Chudleigh over the way?" I added. Miss Hewitt looked at me with suspicion, but I'm sure I was very demure. "Oh, it would be nice, of course, to be successful," she assented.
"It would mean fifty pounds." "May "It would mean fifty pounds." "May I trouble you for another ice," said I, feeling that I was bound to do something after that. "Thank you—strawberry. Well, as I was saying, if you could find a means of getting rid of all this, and thereby benefiting the charity by so much, you would feel disposed to take it, even if it wasn't quite—well—quite, you know." "I wouldn't do anything dishonest," put in Miss Hewitt quickly. "Oh, I wasn't talking of anything dishonest," I protested. "I was only thinking that there might be other means, not dishonest, you know, but just a little honest, you know, but just a little-well, not quite conventional, you "What sort of means?" asked Miss Hewitt curiously. "Why now," I said,

"you have sold very little all the day, haven't you?" Miss Hewitt bit her lips, and a disconsolate look came into her face. "While I've been here," I said, "you have only disposed of two pairs of stockings, one woolen comforter for the hot weather, and a sort of-a kind of-I didn't quite see, but I thought it looked like a-" "I know I haven't sold much," broke in Miss Hewitt hastily, and with a slight accession of color. "You have only bought a few ices." I looked medita-"So I have," I said, feeling that another call was made upon me. "I wonder if I might-no; perhaps better not. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a baby's perambulator, Miss Hewitt?" Miss Hewitt was not amused; she had only an eye to a bargain.
"No," she said eagerly, "I'm afraid I
haven't; but I've got a very nicelydressed cradle, and some rattles—and "Ah," said I, shaking my head, 'I'm afraid it's not old enough for She sighed, and those things." glanced across the way, where Miss Chudleigh was engaged in a roaring trade. "I think I might have one more ice," I said very bravely. It was not so very hard, after all; the heat was very great, and they soon

Miss Hewitt was very nice about it. "Are you sure you ought to?" she asked, doubtfully. "Miss Hewitt," said I, "you are much too scrupulous. That is the reason of your failure. And yet you would have sold me cradle and rattles with perfect equanimity, knowing that I am a bachelor. The inconsistency of your sex is a puzzle," I remarked, shaking my head. "Oh, but I didn't think about that," said she, with a blush. "I only thought you wanted-" "Come then," I said, what would you do to get rid of all your articles of commerce?" Miss Hewitt's eyes opened. "Oh, if I could only do that!" she exclaimed. "Well, for it?" said I, insinuatingly. She paused. "I'd-I'd give up the ball tonight," she exclaimed, impulsively. I shock my head. "I have no means of gauging the value of that renunciation," I said, thoughtfully: "but possibly it is greater than the one I know which would enable you to sell your stall," "Oh, do you know a way?" she cried, breathlessly. "Why, certainly," said I, still reflectively. "Mr. Randall, tell me," she pleaded, clasping her hands and putting her elbows on the stall. She looked eagerly into my face. I really had no notion until that moment, but somehow her action put it into my head. "Have you ever heard of the beautiful duchess of Devon-

shire, Miss He witt?" I asked. Miss Hewitt leaned, staring at me for a moment, and then a look of intelligence came into her eyes, her color started and she moved away. don't think you should make that kinds of jests," she remarked, disdainfully. "It's not a jest," I answered, reassuringly. "Then, you're all the hor-rider," she returned, feigning to be busy with her commerce. "But," I said, in perplexity, "I don't see-I only asked you if you remembered the duchess of Devonshire-the one what'shis-name painted, you know." Miss He witt was much embarrassed; her face took on many expressions_ "But you-" she began and stopped. "Do you remember her?" I asked. course." said Miss Hewitt, snappishly. "Well, then," I said, "why am I horrid?" She paid me no attention, but began shiftin; the things upon the stall in a reckless way. "Oh!" I ex-claimed, suddenly, "I see what you were thinking of—you thought I meant
—I see now. You thought I was advising you to sell-" Miss Hewitt got redder than ever. "I didn't think any thing of the sort," she exclaimed, hurriedly, and dusting away at nothing, "and I wish you'd go away if you're not going to buy anything." "I should like another ice, please," said I.

Miss Hewitt was somewhat taken aback, and looked as if she would like to speak, but she only frowned and dumped another ice upon the counter. In China a valuable fiber, used in silk "But now you have suggested it," went on, considering. "it's not at all a and they are of service as fuel and a bad idea." Miss Hewitt moved to the source of potash. The orientals mix further end of the stall, and sold another pair of stockings. "It's quite worth thinking of," I said, when she was within hearing again, "I'm glad you mentioned it." "I never mentioned anything," she retorted hotly. "No. of course, you didn't mention it," I agreed, "but I don't see why you should be angry because we are discussing calmly —" "I'm not discussing any. (N. Y.) stone quarry in 1886 was thing," she observed tartly. "No," feet and eight inches in length, said I. "but if the duchess of Devon weighed over one hundred pounds.

shire thought it a good deed to purchase what she considered the welfare of her country by allowing voters to kiss her. I don't think you should be offended if for the sake of an excellent charity-" "I am not the duchess of Devonshire," said Miss Hewitt, shortly. "I don't suppose," I said, "that it was much of a kiss." Miss Hewitt's nostrils curled in scorn. "Good people are al-ways so particular," I said, philosophic-ally. Miss Hewitt's indignation broke forth. "Do you suppose, Mr. Randall," said she sarcastically, "that Mandall," said she sareastically, "that one would allow anyone that wished to—" "Oh, I never said anyone," I interrupted, hastily. "No, certainly not anyone." She looked at me with undisguised hauteur. I glanced about the stall. "I should like to have a lot of those things," I said. "I could send them to a children's hospital you of those things," I said. "I could send them to a children's hospital, you know." Miss Hewitt's face relaxed slightly. "They would be very use-ful," she said. "It would be fifty pounds, wouldn't it?" I asked, as if entering on a calculation. "Yes," said Miss Hewitt with a little show of axcitement, "forty-five if anyone took the lot." I fingered in my pocket and hesitated. "I'm afraid—" said L "You see I forgot I had promised to buy a quantity of flowers for the in-firmary," I remarked, glancing at Miss Chudleigh's stall. Miss Hewitt's face fell, but she said nothing. I took out my pocketbook and extracted some notes, dividing my looks between the two stalls in a hesitating way. "I think the children in the hospital would like the toys very much," said Miss Hewitt, nervously. "Yes, they could play with the stockings nicely, couldn't they?" said L She paid no

heed to this remark. "I wonder if Miss Chudleigh would do what the duchess did?" I observed, presently. "Perhaps you had better ask her," said Miss Hewitt, sarcastically. "Oh. no," I said hurriedly, "I was only wondering. For the sake of the poor people do make sacrifices, I suppose." "I don't believe she did let them-let them kiss her," remarked Miss Hewitt, after a pause, and con-Miss Hewitt, after a pause, and con-templating a wooden horse. "Don't you?" I asked, looking up. "What did they do, do you think?" Miss Hewitt examined the toy carefully. "Oh," she said, indifferently, "I should think she merely pretended." "Pretended?" I echoed. "Yes, they only kissed—just —not quite—I mean they really didn't touch her," she explained, with more interest in the horse. I considered interest in the horse. I considered this, "But some of them," I objected, would not have been content to be put off that way. They must have really—" "Oh, if anyone liked to be rude and take advantage like that," she said, disdainfully; "she couldn't help it, poor thing." "No," I assented. help it, poor thing." "No," I assented.
"I suppose she couldn't, and she must
have hated it all the time. "Of course she did," said Miss Hewitt, now inspecting a doll. "But she did it out of a sense of duty-to benefit her country," I concluded. "A man would never have been so unselfish," said Miss Hewitt. "Never." I said, emphatically. "But do you think that women are capable of such an act of self-sacrifice in these days?" I asked. "Of course," said Miss Hewitt, watching some people go by with great interest, "if-if they only-only pretended to." "But if there was an accident?" I ventured Miss Hewitt apparently did not hear this. "Do you really think," I persisted, "that a woman-a girl, would do a thing like that?" "She wouldn't-she couldn't-of course the duchess did not let it pretend to be done-in-before anyone else." "Not, for example, in a room like this," I said, looking round the bazar. "How then?" "Afterwards," murmured Miss Hewitt, bending down to pick up a pin, I suppose. "Oh!" I said, "she would only promise,

I looked at her, but she was not looking at me. "I think you have given me two waltzes to-night," I observed. "It isn't very generous usage." sure it's quite enough," said Miss Hewitt, firmly. "Well, at any rate, let us sit out the second," I suggested. Miss Hewitt looked at me in surprise. "I thought you liked dancing," she said, innocently. "Oh, sometimes," I said. "But we might have a talk in the conservatory. It's sure to be very hot." "Do you think it is," said she.
"Certain." "Oh, we'll see," said she,
nonchalantly. I turned to go. "By
the way," said 1, leaning on the stall, confidentially, "shall I leave you the fifty pounds now? And then you can send the things to the hospital at once. you know?" Miss Rewitt avoided my eye. "I didn't know," she began, and broke off. "Perhaps it would be better," she murn.ured. I offered my hand. "To-night, then," I said. She did look at me at last, but it was quite by accident-just the sort of accident at happened in the conservatory.-Black and White.

then?" Miss Hewitt said nothing. I rose. "Well, I'm afraid I must be

really going," I said, holding out my hand. "I think if she were really

honest she would have to keep her

promise," said Miss Hewitt in a low

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